

Cooper medical college.

Exercises in memory of  
Levi Cooper Lane.

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EXERCISES IN MEMORY OF  
LEVI COOPER LANE









*L. C. Larr.*



EXERCISES IN MEMORY OF  
LEVI COOPER LANE

HELD AT LANE HALL  
OF COOPER MEDICAL COL-  
LEGE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
THE NINTH DAY OF MARCH IN  
THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED  
AND TWO

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EXEGI MONUMENTUM ÆRE PERENNIUS,  
REGALIQUE SITU PYRAMIDUM ALTIUS;  
QUOD NON IMBER EDAX, NON AQUILO IMPOTENS  
POSSIT DIRUERE, AUT INNUMERABILIS  
ANNORUM SERIES ET FUGA TEMPORUM.

HORACE, ODE XXX OF BOOK III.



EXERCISES IN MEMORY OF LEVI COOPER  
LANE HELD AT LANE HALL OF  
COOPER MEDICAL COLLEGE ON  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON THE NINTH  
DAY OF MARCH IN THE YEAR NINE-  
TEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

DR. LEVI COOPER LANE, the founder of Cooper Medical College and of Lane Hospital, and the founder and endower of the Lane Course of Medical Lectures, died in San Francisco at a quarter to eleven o'clock in the evening of the eighteenth day of February, 1902. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the ninth of March following, a large audience assembled at Lane Hall of the College for the purpose of doing honor to his memory, the Hall having been profusely decorated with greenery and flowers appropriate to the occasion.

The exercises were opened by the rendering of Mozart's "Lacrymosa" by a quartet of mixed voices. DR. HENRY GIBBONS, JR., the Dean of the College, then spoke as follows:

"Over forty years ago I heard Dr. Lane deliver his first lecture in this city, in the lecture room of the medical department of the University of the Pacific. He



had recently resigned from the Navy, and had spent some time in Europe in study preparatory to accepting the chair of physiology in that college, of which his uncle, Dr. E. S. Cooper, for whom the present college is named, was the leading spirit. My recollection is almost as clear as though it were yesterday — a slender man, dressed in the conventional suit of black, much the same as he dressed in all the succeeding years — concise in speech, clear and accurate in statement, master of his subject, as he was of everything he undertook. During all the following years I have been proud to call him ‘guide, philosopher and friend,’ and surely no man had a better. For over thirty years it was my pleasure and profit to be associated with him in the affairs of this medical college and its predecessor; and while others will give a detailed account of his life, his aims and his achievements, I cannot let the opportunity pass without a few personal recollections and a more than willing tribute to the many elements of character that raised him above his fellow men. Dr. Lane was the most indefatigable, painstaking and thorough student I have ever known. There was scarce a field of learning that he had not to some extent explored, and his knowledge was accurate and full. One was often surprised at his wide range of information. Studious habits had been formed in youth. German and French were to him familiar tongues. His knowledge of Latin was scholastic. Even late in life it was his custom to read daily a page from some favorite Latin author. His impromptu

thesis, when under examination for the navy was, to the surprise and consternation of his examiners, written in Latin. Remarking once to a surgeon of the navy that Dr. Lane had been in that service, he replied, 'I am well aware of it. It is a tradition in the navy that Dr. Lane passed the best examination of any man who ever entered the service.'

"For many years Dr. Lane devoted a number of the morning hours to reading, investigation and writing. This employment, together with his professional work, was his business, his occupation, his pleasure, his vacation. He needed nothing outside. A year ago, having suggested a vacation and referred to Coronado as a most restful resort, especially in a mental sense, he replied, 'I have never needed recreation to escape work. My work has always been a pleasure to me.' On another occasion he said: 'I once wrote eight pages every day; then I wrote six, then four, then two, then one, and now none.' This told the sad story of his gradually diminishing physical powers, for his mind was as clear and his memory as faithful as ever. It has been a marvel to me that with a far from vigorous physique, he was enabled to accomplish so much. A few months since, referring to a recent work on surgery by Dr. Senn, he remarked that it indicated an immense amount of work. Upon my suggesting that *he*, Dr. Lane, had also accomplished a great amount of work, he replied, deprecatingly, 'Yes, for a man who has never been entirely well. In my childhood,' added he, 'I was

subject to attacks of asthma, and I remember my mother calling me into the house, when running briskly, and saying, "You will pay for this tonight." Yet the half is not thus told, for like a stoic he rarely spoke of himself. Who has heard him complain? Who knew how often with him the mind triumphed over the body?

"As a surgeon, Dr. Lane realized his own statement of Sir Astley Cooper, that he never operated on an important case without previously performing the operation on the cadaver. Having a fine memory, this assisted in making him an accurate and thorough anatomist. In his knowledge of these two branches he had not his superior on this Coast, and I doubt if he had his equal. He was easily the best read surgeon. As an operator he was competent for any undertaking — resourceful to a degree, and with that admirable courage and self-command that comes of perfect knowledge. Dr. Lane's interest in medical education was persistent and untiring. For at least a decade he had in contemplation the endowment of a college, and I look upon it as one of the most remarkable features of his character that through these years he could have bent his energies to the accumulation of means for that purpose, have matured all plans and even erected the building without the knowledge of his colleagues that he had such a plan in contemplation. This was characteristic of the man. He was absolutely without ostentation; free from all desire of parade or display.

"Dr. Lane was as great in his declining days as in his

prime. In the days of his greatest activity the necessity of economizing time in consequence of his very large practice had imparted a certain brusqueness of manner, almost a necessity in the transaction of much business. And yet in all my experience I never saw him hurried; I never saw him excited; I never heard him raise his voice. His manner was uniformly calm, dignified and impressive, indicative of great reserve force. His decision was remarkable. There was no wavering. A colleague said that he could say 'no' more easily than any man he ever knew. And yet he was never obstinate. No man could have been more reasonable. But now, as he withdrew from more active work, a lessening contact with the world and a greater leisure softened his sharp decision and replaced it with a more indulgent humor, a more genial spirit, and a more reminiscent mood.

"Thus my years of close association with Dr. Lane have shown him to be a man of vigorous and untiring intellect and high attainments; of sturdy, upright character, rigid in his ideas of right, noble in his aspirations, wise in counsel, clear in prevision, prompt and decisive in judgment, steadfast in purpose, firm and unyielding in action, and withal modest and unostentatious, as becomes a wise man. These are attributes of greatness, and like Hamlet I say, with all my heart,

" 'He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.'

"No memorial column reared in some city of the dead shall mark his final resting-place for a time, then

crumble into dust and be forgotten, but these stately edifices, which through his energy, self-denial and munificence have been erected for the stimulation and betterment of the noblest of professions and the better care of the sick ; the lecture courses that he has inaugurated ; and above all, the grand example of a useful, well-spent life—these will be his monuments — more enduring than marble.

“Peace be unto his ashes! His spirit has risen with the immortals.”

At the conclusion of Dr. Gibbons’s introductory, MR. WILLIAM FORD BLAKE of the class of 1902 spoke on behalf of the students of the college as follows:

“It is eminently gratifying to us as students to be able on this occasion to give some expression of our sorrow over the passing of this great man. His death has been a common bereavement to us all, and we deem it a privilege to offer our tribute of admiration and affection to his memory.

“It has not been our good fortune to know him intimately, to feel the inspiration that comes with close association with so great a man. Nor has it been our good fortune to enjoy that gentle fatherly guidance in the class room that our predecessors in these halls received from him and hold in affectionate memory.

“It has rather been our painful experience to see him gradually failing with the passing months, to realize

that his physical strength, so incommensurate with his vigorous mind, was slowly raising a barrier between him and us.

“But while we have seldom had the opportunity of seeing him in the operating room or of listening to him from the benches, we have known that his thoughts were with us, that his interest in our welfare never flagged.

“We were ever present in his life, in his plans, and our success and our development into honored members of his noble profession were ideals he hoped we might attain.

“What a monument he has raised to his memory! What an example of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice is this college with its hospital, its laboratories, its library and the ground on which it stands!

“When we stop to think of all he has done for us, how throughout a lifetime he has worked untiringly that this heritage might be ours, our appreciation of the greatness of the man becomes a real presence to us, our obligation surges upon us, and our hearts go out to him as a child's to an indulgent parent.

“It pleases us to think that it was for us and for the advancement of his profession that all this has been done, that our success and the furtherance of his noble work was the labor of love to which he devoted the energies of a lifetime. It pleases us to think that he received us into his presence as his children, that he took us at that formative stage in our lives when by his example and his teachings he could mold us as he would have us grow.



"Had Dr. Lane left us no other remembrance than that of a life nobly planned and successfully carried to a glorious end, his example should have proved a stimulus to each one of us. But, when in addition to this, he has left to us all the fruits of his life's work, then his precepts become a sacred duty, his example a moral obligation.

"As we have honored and loved him while he was yet with us, as we looked upon him then as a public benefactor and as a foster parent who had received us into the circle of his affection, now when the sense of our loss is heavy upon us, we appreciate as never before the splendid manhood and scholarly attainments that won for him a place of pre-eminence among his colleagues, and we realize as never before the tender paternal feelings he bore us and the noble motives that actuated his life."

DR. CHESTER ROWELL was to have spoken on behalf of the alumni of the college but was unavoidably detained at his home in Fresno. Could he have been present he would have made the following remarks:

"As one of the early graduates of the parent school of Cooper Medical College and in behalf of the alumni, I offer a word of tribute to the memory of Dr. Lane. The occasion is not one for expression of grief, for death came to him calmly in ripe old age, his life's work accomplished, his ambitions satisfied, his hopes realized. His physical body, grown old by years of labor, no longer served the purposes of an intellect that never tired even to the end.



He went to sleep. His body was cremated in accordance with his wish and in approval of this method of disposing of the dead. His intellect, bright and unwavering till the moment of dissolution, still lives in these noble educational monuments dedicated to medical science and the healing arts,—lives in the record of his work, in the lasting impression of his teaching upon the many who have been his students, and in the silent but most important influence of his example upon all who knew him, and upon the profession at large.

“He was the friend of every student who manifested the spirit of the true physician and sought knowledge for its beneficent rather than its selfish uses. He was the associate, adviser and defender of every physician, however deficient or unfortunate, who gave to his work his best efforts with pride in his profession and an unselfish desire to help his patients rather than himself. Yet, while he led gently, guided wisely, judged charitably, dealt kindly, his dislikes were as intense as his friendships were strong, and he frowned upon the student who dedicated but half his soul to the profession he proposed to enter, as he spurned the physician who selfishly betrayed his brother physician. His example was one of lofty devotion to pure science and high art as exemplified in his profession, tempered by that most human of all human impulses, a feeling of charity for the unfortunate and of interest in the welfare of humanity. He said to me, after an operation, which, at the time was marvellous in its results, ‘The patient got well, that is pay enough.’

He added, 'Whoever wants my surgery may have it, whether they have money or not.' He was charitable. Every day of his long life of labor he did something for the afflicted with no thought of a money recompense. He recognized his obligations to the poor as he recognized his obligations to deal fairly with, as well as treat properly, every patient. His charities were a part of his every-day work. Upon every student and upon every class he impressed the obligation to deal honorably with patients and to be kind to the poor. He was solicitous for the character and the welfare of his graduates long after they left the lecture halls, and felt keenly every evidence of their successes or failures. He entrusted the reputation of the school he had builded to its graduates, and he cherished the good will and kind remembrance of those graduates as much as his reputation in the profession at large.

"These were some of the personal characteristics that attracted students no less than his great skill and wonderful knowledge, and for these he will be remembered by the alumni. His generous endowment of this school and hospital for medical education will remain his visible monument, constantly reminding his successors of the names and the work of his venerated uncle, Elias Cooper, and his own. His contributions to surgical knowledge are the property of the profession. His teaching, his influence, his cherished memory, are his legacy to the alumni."

Following MR. BLAKE'S address, Mendelssohn's anthem, "Be Thou Faithful unto Me," was sung as a tenor solo, after which, on behalf of the Faculty, DR. C. N. ELLINWOOD, President of the College in succession to DR. LANE, delivered the following address :

"The guiding hand of the master has gone from us !

"Our kindly counselor, arbiter and ultimate referee in all our perplexities is no longer here!

"Sad, indeed, are these days when we have to part fellowship with Dr. Levi Cooper Lane—a good man, a great man, whose noble heart lovingly embraced the universe, the mysteries of which it was given his penetrating vision largely to see.

"In speaking of Dr. Lane I shall speak of him as we, his co-workers and his college faculty, knew him—in his daily work, in his life work, in his singleness of purpose, in his exalted ambition for the advancement of medical education and the welfare of human life, and finally, I shall speak of his achievements.

"In essaying an analysis of his strong character we note his early associations with kindly and gentle kinsfolk, in sympathy with all goodness, honesty and manly uprightness, maturing in him a supreme love for truth and justice which has grown stronger and deeper as his horizon expanded in his added years of thought and experience.

"His great attainments as a scholar, as a scientist and surgeon ; his achievements of distinction in all these

and also in the practice of his profession, brought him rewards which enabled him to do what his beneficent inspiration prompted, the founding of a great school of medical education for the improvement of his loved profession and the good of his fellow men.

“The exacting conditions of his early life, imposed upon a youth of extraordinary mold, developed a man of great courage, self-reliance and strong will.

“He could fight like a lion for the oppressed and never surrender to wrong.

“Apparently insurmountable obstacles in his early education were overcome by industry, careful economy, self-denial, a well disciplined mind and an unswerving purpose to get an education and to do what he planned to do.

#### “LEVI COOPER LANE

Was born in Ohio, on a farm thirty-four miles north of Cincinnati, May 9, 1830. His grandparents were Jesse Lane, born in North Carolina; Hannah Huddleston Lane, born in Nantucket, Mass.; Jacob Cooper, born in South Carolina; Elizabeth Walls Cooper, born in South Carolina: all orthodox Quakers. His parents were Ira Lane, born in North Carolina in 1803; Hannah Cooper, born in Ohio in 1811. They were married in Friends' Meeting (Quakers), West Eberton, Ohio, in June, 1829. Their first-born was called Levi, Biblical names being common in the family and usual among the Quakers. He had two homes in his childhood, being nurtured and cherished by his grandparents as well as

by his parents, and his childhood and youth would seem to have been divided between the two.

“His early education was chiefly in private, being taught by his mother, but chiefly by his aunt, Ruth Cooper, who is yet living at the age of 85, with a heart full of affection and tender reminiscences of her nephew and pupil. Later he worked on his father’s and his grandfather’s farms and attended the common district schools. At the age of 16 he became a teacher and taught in the district schools of Butler County, Ohio, during three years.

“All through these years of childhood and youth his uncle, Jacob Cooper, a few months younger than himself, was his close companion and loving friend. They were playmates and schoolmates; both nurtured by the same kindly parents and exacting circumstances, both became great students, and the uncle, Jacob Cooper, is now and has been for many years a professor distinguished for his learning in Rutgers College, New Jersey. It is to his affectionate and painstaking care that we are indebted for these details in Dr. Lane’s biography.

“After teaching three years the young man of 16, Levi Lane, began his college training in the spring of 1847 by a six months’ course at Farmer’s College, formerly called Cary’s Academy, and, secondly, after an interval, six months at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in the autumn and winter of 1849-50, where he boarded himself and lived on twenty-five cents per week, but paid his college bills. Union College subsequently

gave him the Master of Arts degree, and in 1877 conferred on him, with pride, the honorable distinction of LL. D., Doctor of Laws.

#### “HIS MEDICAL EDUCATION

“As was the custom in those days, Dr. Lane commenced his medical education by *reading* medicine with his two uncles, Drs. Esaias and Elias Samuel Cooper, as preceptors, and later he entered Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, where he studied one year and graduated there M. D. in March, 1851, and in the same year he was appointed an interne or resident physician in the large New York State Hospital on Wards Island, where he remained an earnest worker with his hands and brain four years, until 1855, when he entered a competitive examination with thirty-one others for the position of assistant surgeon in the United States navy. He passed the examinations higher than any of his competitors and secured the appointment which he held four years.

“During this time, the ship to which he was assigned cruised in many waters, and on one of its voyages to Europe and in the North Sea Dr. Lane obtained a furlough and passed two months in study at the University of Gottingen. He pursued his studies in medicine and surgery with unremitting vigor while in the navy, and continued, as a recreation, the study of the Latin and Greek in which he became thoroughly proficient. He also taught himself the German, French, Spanish and Italian, in all of which he became able not only to read



and write these tongues, but had a ready command of them in speaking.

“ADVENT IN SAN FRANCISCO

“In the year 1861 Dr. Lane having resigned from the navy was induced by his uncle, Dr. Elias S. Cooper, to join him here in the practice of his profession, in teaching in his medical school which he had already started as early as 1858, the first medical school on the Pacific Coast, and also aid him in editing the journal of medicine which he was then publishing, *The Medical Press*.

“Dr. Lane became thoroughly identified in spirit and action with his uncle; he rendered him the most efficient aid. He gave him his confidence and love and received in return all that a rich, warm and energetic nature could bestow.

“This cordial and mutually helpful relation continued until broken by the early death of Dr. Cooper on October 13, 1862, and since that premature severance of these bands, Dr. Lane has followed up the memory of his uncle with superhuman zeal and affection.

“Opportunity was there! and Dr. Lane was there! with all fitness and capacity for the arduous work before him.

“Early in the year 1875 Dr. Lane, ever thirsting for all the knowledge to be obtained in his profession, determined to further pursue his studies in the great centers of learning in Europe, and taking his wife, his helpmate then and always the devoted sharer in all his aspirations, he visi-

ted London, Edinburg, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, spending two years more in diligent student work. After some months, in attendance upon the college courses in London, he was granted the M. R. C. S., England, and won many warm friends among the then distinguished professors of the schools. In Berlin he regularly matriculated as a medical student at that great university, and after six months' instruction in its laboratories, clinics and hospitals, he passed the examinations and received the doctor of medicine degree, *Summa Cum Honore*, the highest grade of the university, which carries with it the remission of all fees, a most unusual thing, especially in the case of a foreigner.

"Thus honored abroad and with a mind enriched by study and association with the greatest men in medical science and literature of the world, Dr. Lane returned to his home and to his fixed purpose of building up, on a broad foundation, a great medical institution. In 1880 architect's plans were matured and without public announcement, with no ostentation, the foundations were laid and the superstructure gradually grew, a great mystery at first to the people of this city as to its intended uses. Later, on suspicion of a hospital being located here on its present site, hostility was excited among many of the residents in the neighborhood whose ignorance of the nature of hospitals and absurd prejudices led them to many acts of opposition by court proceedings and even by threats of personal violence against Dr. Lane.

"He was undaunted by their hostility,—moved on

in true American fashion with his work in the most diplomatic way until his enemies were subdued, intelligence succeeded ignorance, and all were satisfied, and Lane Hospital is a great acquisition to Cooper Medical College.

"And so it was that the medical department of the Pacific College of Letters, which slumbered for a time after the death of Dr. Cooper, was reorganized and revived by Dr. Lane and his co-workers, passed through some vicissitudes, changed in name and affiliations, progress in methods and its sphere of influence, its successor was finally created and announced to the world in 1882, endowed by this magnificent property purchased and erected solely by the munificence of Dr. Lane and named by him, in grateful remembrance of his uncle, Cooper Medical College and dedicated to medicine. May God grant it all perpetuity, as a living monument to Levi Cooper Lane, an ever teaching memorial to the great soul of its founder who breathed into it his breath of life, his legacy to medical education, his boon to mankind!

"Subsequent to the original foundation this annex to the college building was erected containing this auditorium called Lane Hall and laboratories and class rooms above, and finally Dr. Lane added another grand gift to the institution, as a part of the original endowment, the Lane Hospital, which was opened to the public and dedicated to the relief of human suffering in the year 1894.

"To the work of the hospital and the college Dr. Lane devoted the last busy years of his life.

"His well earned fame and skill as a surgeon and

teacher have richly endowed the college with distinction among the educational institutions of the land.

“His methods were simple and direct with clear-cut precision in everything. He devised many original operations in surgery, always seeking the best ways of perfecting the surgeon’s art. Medical literature of the past thirty-five years has recorded his achievements in this regard, and the many young men, his pupils and assistants, hold in grateful memory his teachings and his example.

“The latest endowment to Cooper Medical College made by Dr. Lane was the munificent fund which he provided for the perpetual maintenance of the annual course of the Lane medical lectures, a yearly course of instruction by some eminent authority annually selected for his noted ability in some department of medical science. The practical utility of such teaching strongly appealed to the founder, after many years of experience and observation in the methods of medical schools, as aiding the alumni in persistent study and progress after entering upon the active duties of practice.

“This idea and plan of instruction was entirely original with Dr. Lane, and so far as I know Cooper College is the only school which has this beneficent endowment.

“The purpose of the course is to bring from any part of the world the best equipped instructor in some department of medicine for a brief term each year as an addition or supplement to the ordinary courses given in

Cooper College for the benefit of the classes of students yet in regular attendance, its undergraduates and also for its alumni who are annually invited to this feast of knowledge offered by their Alma Mater. And also the members of the profession at large are cordially welcomed to partake of these great opportunities.

"It is now six years since this course was inaugurated and the busy practitioner from all parts of the Pacific States has derived great pleasure and advantage by attendance upon this instruction. By its opportunity the average man is brought into direct relations with the extraordinary man, old fallacies are removed by exact observations, and rational medicine is made to supplant empiricism.

"The success of this method of disseminating advanced knowledge among practitioners of medicine evinces the genius of Dr. Lane and merits the enduring gratitude of the profession.

"Dr. Lane lived to see the fruition of his work. Year after year he observed with great interest the going out from these halls of large accessions to the medical profession. He remembered the individual graduate with remarkable acuteness and followed his career with personal concern. Their success delighted him and he never wearied in well doing in their behalf.

"His relations to the faculty of the college were singularly harmonious. His self-sacrificing devotion to duty and earnest, conscientious ways in everything commanded the respect and admiration of all his associates ;

his example was our ideal, his conclusions were our authority, his ways were our ways.

"His unselfish and magnanimous character has been given form and expression in the institution which he created and merits to endure while human sympathy lasts.

"The Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, learning of Dr. Lane's fatal illness, pays him this tribute in a letter received here on the day of his death: 'Dr. Lane, gentleman, scientific man, scholar, philanthropist: If he is able to receive it tell him of my sincere sympathy and cordial respect.'

"It has been given to but few men to be great, to be great as Dr. Lane was great, to be the means in such eminent degree of progress in the development of that knowledge which saves human life and diminishes human suffering.

"Medical science, medical men and all humanity are bettered by the life of Dr. Lane.

"A few short weeks ago he realized that his end was near, that his work was finished, and in an unrestrained conversation he told me that his every wish and purpose had been gratified and he was content.

"He could see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

Schubert's "Great is Jehovah" was then sung by a double quartet of mixed voices, after which DR. EDWARD R. TAYLOR, Vice-President of the College, pro-



nounced the following eulogy upon "Dr. Lane as Surgeon and Man":

"We are most worthily gathered together, for we are here to commemorate, as far as an occasion of this kind may serve to do so, the life and services of a man who deservedly won our admiration and love; a man who was one of the pioneers of medical teaching in this State, and who, from the early sixties till within little more than a year ago, was, with but few interruptions, industriously and lovingly engaged in that teaching; a man who, for more than forty years in this State, so devoted his great abilities to surgery and medicine that at the time of his death his was the most luminous name in Californian medicine; a man who produced a great work on surgery; a man who founded a medical college and hospital, and who, from the resources accumulated from his practice, caused to be constructed for them imposing piles of buildings of architectural suitableness and beauty; a man of great scientific endowment, of learning in many directions, of wide and deep acquisition, acquainted with the best in literature; cultured, refined and noble; a man who has, at his own expense, brought to us from time to time some of the very leading men in England and America to deliver courses of lectures on their particular specialties, and who has provided an endowment whereby such courses can be perpetually maintained; such a man, and more, are we here to commemorate.

"While we are thus engaged may his spirit vouchsafe

to hover over us; may it fill us with something of his own nobleness of aspiration; something of his own purity of unsordidness; something of his own feeling for the betterment of man. If this should come to pass, then, indeed, will these services be consecrate; then, indeed, will this hall and all the hearts that beat within it vibrate to the harmony of religion's own music.

“From what you have heard to-day of Dr. Lane's life, how consistent it all seems and how natural! You have seen how broad and deep he laid his foundations, and what noble superstructure he raised upon them; you have seen how carefully, yet surely, he proceeded from step to step, never once falling back, and never once losing heart or courage; and you have also seen, and have doubtless taken the lesson deeply to heart, what great things can be done by ceaseless industry coupled with undeviating concentration of effort.

“While Dr. Lane was physician as well as surgeon, yet it is as the latter that he is best known, and properly so, for this was the field wherein he reaped his richest harvests. And, in very truth, if ever man was born to be a surgeon, our friend was that man. By nature he lacked no quality necessary for the office, and to that he added an acquisition which furnished him with equipment little short of extraordinary. From his first entrance into medicine until past his meridian he persistently dissected the dead body, until he became so familiar with every part of it that not even its darkest corner was hidden

from his eye. He knew the processes and surfaces and curves of every one of its bones, their relation to each other, and to tendons, ligaments, muscles, vessels and nerves; he knew every foramina and what passed through them; he could visualize every organ and muscle of the body and their relations respectively to each other; he could follow each artery, vein and nerve through its entire track, and at every point of that track see with the utmost clearness what stood in relation to it. And yet, even in the times when he had attained to nearly his greatest accuracy of anatomical knowledge, he scarcely ever performed an important operation until he had first dissected on the dead body the parts to be submitted to his surgical knife. In this, as in all things else, he took no chances. Never in all his life did he undertake a task short of the most complete preparedness. It hence followed that in operating he had the reliance not only of his natural courage and skill, but of that which comes of fullness of knowledge, and that no emergency could possibly arise which he could not at once successfully meet. Many a time in his hospital practice would he make a demonstration of anatomy as he proceeded in the operation, pointing out from time to time what lay beneath the point of his knife. He never hurried; was always cool and collected; never cut twice where once would do; never bungled, and was graceful and dexterous at every step. In removing a malignant growth he cut with a wide margin and was careful to see that every affected gland in the

neighborhood was taken away. He saved all the loss of blood possible; and in his later years he effectually brought this about by ligating the principal artery that led to the part to be excised. In this way he amputated as vascular an organ as the tongue with scarcely any loss of blood by tying the lingual artery before he began the amputation. In plastic surgery he was not only an adept, but original, as will be seen by his treatment of that subject in his surgical book; while in the great field of fractures it is doubtful if he ever had a superior. He never recommended an operation in what he conceived to be a hopeless case, or except he felt, after careful thought, a reasonable assurance that the knife was the last resource. He was anxiously solicitous as to the after-treatment, and never, except under exceptional circumstances, left it to another.

“He was learned in both physiology and pathology, and to the end that he might become so he attended the lectures of the French savants, walked the leading hospitals of Europe, attended the lectures of Huxley, and worked in the laboratory of the great Virchow, who, in his venerability of age, still remembers his pupil of old and the untiring assiduity of his labors. At Berlin he was given the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and in England was made a member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

“With all the preparedness that came after years of toil in his own and foreign countries — toil that covered not only the theoretical but the practical — he began to devote some hours each day to the collation of notes as a basis

for a monumental work on surgery. It was his intention to treat first of the head and neck, then of the thorax, then of the abdomen, and finally of the extremities. For ten years he methodically pursued this labor. It took him just that long to collect and prepare his notes for the first part of his work; but not until they were complete did he begin the task of literary composition. The result was his monumental work entitled "Surgery of the Head and Neck." This is embodied in a large octavo volume consisting of 1,166 pages, and is exhaustive of the surgery of that region of the body. As might be expected from the nature of his mind and from the course of his preliminary education, the style of this book is lucid and elegant; and it might also be expected, as is the case, that the ancients of medicine would be drawn upon by way of elucidation and illustration. He left no field unexplored, either old or new, and the composition is so good in literary art, and the matter so interesting and clear, that an educated layman can open the book almost anywhere and become interested at once in the page that meets his eye. He had collated some notes for that part of the work to be devoted to the thorax, but illness supervened, and brain and hand refused longer to do his bidding.

"Dr. Lane was a man of character. Character is beyond all definition, but when one possesses it, it shines in that one so distinctly, so luminously, that there is no mistaking it for something else. So true is this

that all counterfeited simulations of it are of no avail; and this because it is immovably based on the rock of righteousness, lifting its head to the very heavens, unshaken by any storm of adversity and untainted by any breeze of prosperity.

“The Star of Duty ever lighted his way, and on that star he kept his eye at every step of his life. No circuities, no deviations were his, no idling in the by-paths of pleasure. Straight on he walked, no matter what hap might be, discharging to the utmost the task that lay at hand, and leaving it not till accomplishment was complete.

“Into his work he put not only his hand and head, but his heart as well. No task that he undertook was perfunctorily done; his love was in it, and that love gave it sublimity of life. Nor could he look upon anything as trivial that fell to his hand to do. Seriousness was so ingrained in his mental fiber that temperamentally every task was, in his view, important and could not be treated otherwise. This is not to say that he had no sense of proportion, but it *is* to say that to him life in all its relations was of such transcendent importance that not one of his own relations to it could be slighted or scamped. His every surgical operation was pondered deeply by him before he took his knife in hand, and by the side of the patient he stood as one anointed. Fullness of knowledge did not make him bold, but cautious, rather; yet so courageous and so well equipped was he that to those who knew him it was simply unthinkable



that any emergency could arise during the course of the operation with which he could not at once irresistibly and successfully deal. He had the highest respect for the human body merely as a body, and in all operations, and in dissections even, he paid it that respect which he deemed to be its due. No word of levity on such occasions ever escaped him, but all that he did was pervaded with a dignity which almost verged on the ceremonious. Indeed, he bore his dignity with him as a surrounding atmosphere. He was never stiff or formal, but there was a certain aloofness which not only did not tempt, but rather repelled, undue familiarity. Yet he was susceptible to the incitements of wit and humor, and was as fond of a quiet laugh as any one. And though his demeanor was sober, and one might say not at all demonstrative, to his friends and acquaintances it was never less than charming. He betrayed his feelings, it is true, by words, no less than by acts, but by words that were few and measured, and back of which there was an immaculateness of sincerity never surpassed. If sincerity be, as Carlyle says it is, chiefest of human qualities, then our friend was inestimably endowed; for he was sincere from the centre to the outermost rim of his being. No diplomatic or other concealments were his. To be sure, he was wisely reticent about his important undertakings, and shrank from obtruding his own personality; but when his feelings or opinions were properly challenged, they responded with a courage and truth that even the blind and deaf might see and hear. He was, hence, as well

might be supposed, a man who had no sympathy with compromises. He could not but be, from the nature of his organic structure, unequivocally one thing or its opposite. It would have been impossible for him to run with the hare and at the same time to hunt with the hounds, or to smile before a man's face and frown when that man's back was turned. Those who were at all acquainted with him knew full well that back of his every word and deed sat Truth enthroned in all the transplendence of her flawless purity.

"It follows from all this that in matters of friendship he was a devotee. The friends he had and their adoption tried, he grappled to his soul with hooks of steel. It really seemed that in his estimation his friend could do no wrong, and that what his friend did was better done than any one else could by possibility do. This devotion, this almost religious loyalty to his friends, was so great, so deep, that those who fell under the influence of its graciousness will ever hold it as among the richest of their treasures and far beyond all power of language to express.

"In all his life he leaned on no one, but was completely and entirely self-reliant and self-possessed. Nothing daunted him, nothing opposed him he did not overcome. Up and up he went, no matter how rough the way or steep the ascent, until he stood upon his chosen peak, triumphant ;—and there he fell, with Death alone his conqueror. He grew up on the open prairie, and as a doctor, night as well as day, he dared its then

almost trackless paths to reach the side of some sufferer. His was one of those exceptional natures whose own well of strength furnishes all that is necessary to great achievement.

“ His conversation was a satisfying pleasure to all who were brought within the sphere of its influence. He had drank deep of the classics, he was acquainted with much that was best in various literatures, he had traveled in many countries and always with an observant eye that delighted in the beauty of natural aspects, and he had served as an officer in the navy for four years. The knowledge and experiences thus gained furnished him with a superabundance of material for conversation, all of which he used with rare discrimination and remarkable felicity. He never talked for the mere sake of talking, and he was a good listener when others talked, but what he said was interesting and to the purpose and was frequently drawn from the seemingly exhaustless stores of his memory. In fact, his memory remained with him to the very last, not alone his memory of past events, but his memory as well of passages from favorite authors. Scientific man though he was, he had no patience with the educational clamor against the classics and in favor of science. He knew well enough that from the classics as from a welling fountain had flowed the streams which had so fed every literature that those literatures are to a great extent non-understandable without a knowledge of the classics; he knew well enough that man cannot live on science alone, dealing as it does almost entirely with externalities, and

that if he is to be truly nourished he must look to the food which will feed his soul; he knew well enough that exclusive devotion to science would cause the best springs of being to run dry, with the almost sure result of arrest or distortion of development; he knew well enough that while facts and their relations to each other with their governing laws are necessary to be ascertained, co-ordinated and made useful, yet that ideals are not to be found there, nor religion at its deepest, nor those aspirations which at times make us as the very Gods themselves; he felt that all these spiritualities lay at the very core of being, while facts and their relations lay only at its circumference; and he likewise felt that while science can measurably explain our environment, and can indeed do much to change it (and how miraculous her achievements!), yet that within its environment each soul must work out its own salvation, and that by no external mechanism merely can man ever hope to be saved. Thus it was that he valued the Past while at the same time knowing and feeling that the golden opportunity for each of us is the Present. Full well he knew that to tear up the Past would be to obliterate the Present, and that every flower now growing sends its roots deep down to the nourishing grave of a flower that was. This intelligent love of the Past led him to find valuable suggestions in the medical works of Hippocrates, Celsus and others, and to keep him to the old practice of bleeding in some of the cases not now usually thought to need such remedy. And this it was that led him to view with impatience the scholastic efforts to a supposed better

translation of the Bible. He loyally adhered to the King James version, that incomparable work of the incomparable Elizabethans, and he would have none other.

“He was not only accomplished in the Latin and Greek, some of which when in health he read nearly every day, but he was a French and German scholar, reading and speaking both with facility, and he had considerable acquaintance with the Spanish and Italian. Yet none of these linguistics ever stood in the way of his keeping abreast of medical and surgical progress. He took and read the leading American, English, German and French periodicals, and made copious notes from them when working on his ‘Surgery of the Head and Neck.’

“He was well read in the American and European literatures, but in this, as in everything else, he showed the most distinguishing trait of his character—concentration of effort. He never scattered in anything. Hence his reading was *multum* and not *multa*. Only the masterpieces he really cared intensely for, and with these he had a familiar acquaintance. The Iliad was to him a perpetual delight, and although he could follow it in the original, he took great interest in reading its many English translations and in comparing the one with the other in the rendering of admired passages. The same may be said of Dante’s ‘Divine Comedy,’ of Moliere’s plays, and of Goethe’s ‘Faust.’ As for the dramas of Shakespeare, he knew much of them by heart, and not long before his taking off he repeated long passages from them, and in one instance

corrected the misquotation of a friend. He cared greatly for Heine, but most of all apparently because of that wonderful man's penetrating appreciation of Shakespeare. Horace was his favorite among the Latins; he had some rare and interesting editions of that poet, and the best things in him he knew by heart. Indeed, outside of Shakespeare, Horace seemed to be his nearest literary friend. Many of the passages of the 'Paradise Lost' he delighted to read and to hear read, while among American authors Emerson and Holmes were his favorites, as Carlyle was among the moderns of England. For novels he seemed to care but little, his love in that line of literature having been mainly concentrated on Dickens.

"Dr. Lane's mind was of wide compass, vigorous, serene, and not to be shaken by disease or even by death itself. Throughout his last illness no complaints or regrets escaped him; he bore his enforced helplessness with the resignation of a saint; and on one occasion a few weeks before he left us, something having been said to him about his career, he exclaimed with a slight tone of exultation mingled with one of resignation, 'I am satisfied!' And well he might be! His mentality was clear and alert till his last expiring gasp. He followed acutely and intelligently the course of his malady; and a few minutes before the fatal event, having told the nurse that he felt very weak and needed a stimulant, she suggested calling one of the attending physicians; this he declined; but scarcely had he swallowed the draught he had re-



quested, when throwing up his hands he exclaimed, 'It's death! death! death!' and almost immediately expired.

"Fond as he was of poetry and of the best in literature, yet his mind was essentially practical. Carlyle himself had no greater antipathy to metaphysics than had our friend. The problems of ontology, of determinism and freedom, and, indeed, the questions raised by Philosophy in her wandering, and not altogether luminous, course through the centuries, not only had no fascination for him, but they were positively distasteful. His view was that all such problems were insoluble, at least were insoluble by him, and being so, that he would waste his time by trying to solve them. Some may deem this to have been a defect in a singularly well-balanced mental organization, but if it be so how much do we owe to that defect! By reason of it our friend was kept straight on the course he had marked out for himself and which by nature he was best fitted to follow; by reason of it, no dream of piercing to the centre of things, with a possible consequent of despair at failure, palsied his energies; by reason of it he worked in the full glow of a rational optimism, and by reason of it he fronted full faced and with unappalled and irresistible courage the palpable realities that were clearly before him from day to day. And had one been bold enough to ask him what his religion was, he would have been likely to reply, as did Thomas Jefferson to one who had made the like inquiry of him: 'My religion is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if

that has been *honest and dutiful* to society the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one.' \*

"The life that was close at hand was to our friend the one essential thing—to-day was his and to-morrow might never be; his task lay before him lit by the rays of an unclouded hope, and to the doing of that task he never ceased to address himself, leaving dreams to the poet and abstruse speculations to the philosopher. No siren voice could lure him as on he voyaged. If he halted from time to time to drink from the fountain of poesy, or to press the juices of nature to his lips, it was but as strengthening cordial that enabled him the better to keep on and on. And if genius be as Turner said it was, the capacity for hard work, or as another has said, the capacity for taking infinite pains, then indeed was our friend a genius.

"Dr. Lane was the simplest of men in his manners, though always dignified; and while for years he and his accomplished wife entertained their friends on Sunday evenings, yet he himself was not much of a social visitor and cared little or nothing for the conventionalities of society. His life was too concentrated, too earnestly bent on the accomplishment of his great plans, to yield to any demands except those he deemed imperative. While at times he may have seemed austere, he yet was the tenderest and kindest of men. His eye was not fixed on the fee but on the malady and the means to cure it. Many

\* This extract is to be found in a letter of Jefferson to John Adams, dated January 11, 1817. In this letter Jefferson speaks of the inquirer as "one of our fan-coloring biographers who paints small men as very great."

an important operation he performed for no reward, and with no hope of reward, and never once did he refuse the poorest the benefit of his knowledge and skill.

“And yet this man who toiled so terribly, who accomplished so much, who ceased not till worn-out nature compelled cessation, was himself the victim of an incurable ailment. In fact it is truth to say that from early life he had scarcely known an entirely well day. The emphysema of the lungs which then developed, and for which there is no curative agency, necessarily weakened him, left him with a persistent cough and rendered him an easy prey to bronchitis, which several times came near to the ending of his life. And this it was that mainly contributed to his final taking off.

“With his other accomplishments Dr. Lane was a botanist, but he took more than a scientific interest in plants, trees and flowers. They were to him things of beauty which were joys forever. They always interested and refreshed him, and his home was in part made beautiful by the presence of flowers in abundance and variety, while no recreation seemed so to please him as his visits to Golden Gate Park. In fact that park was the subject of his last Lane lecture, wherein he exhaustively treated that incomparable pleasure ground in a manner not only surprising in its completeness but delightful in its literary presentation.

“With all his sturdiness and strength he was a true gentleman born and bred. In fact we might truthfully say of him :

“He had completeness: Gentleman and man  
Bloomed in his nature a composite flower;  
The grace and elegance of mien that can  
Alone assure us that the subtile power  
Of pure refinement every action rules,  
High culture, dignity and gentleness,  
All these were his. And in the sterner schools,  
Where none but souls that vigorously press  
Forever onward win the world’s success,  
He was as sturdy as a man might be.  
And with it all pretentious ne’er was he,  
But went his way in charming modesty.

“Dr. Lane had no children but his works. Fortunately for him he united himself more than thirty years ago with a lady of rare accomplishments, who so fitted into his life that the two became spiritually one. The thought of the one was the thought of the other; together they planned everything connected with the college and hospital buildings; together they explored literatures; together they trod the shards as well as walked the flowery meads; and when the husband was doing work which by reason of its nature the wife could give no assistance in, he felt himself taking in at every breath the refreshment of her love and sympathy.

“Fortunate, thrice fortunate man! What fullness, what roundness of completion, what achievement following on concentration of faculty and effort, what heritage as result of all, rise before us here in the very sublimity of harmonious proportion! Why then should we grieve

for him, our brother? Why should we not rather send up our pæans of praise, that he was given to us for our enrichment and for the enrichment of those who will come after us? He had lived nearly two years beyond the psalmist's allotment of life, he had filled all the years of that life with labors that led to glorious results; nothing he touched that did not bloom in the full flower of abundant success; every step of his way, coruscating as it did with the jewels of his deeds, led him to the grand culmination of all—the founding of college and hospital, where he sits so securely throned that every stone of their structure would have to be annihilated before oblivion would dare to dream of making his name its own; and even then standing on the bare and barren spot it would beat the enemy off; yea, he lives more enduringly still than in iron or stone—in the memory of man; and in that memory he cannot but live as long as Medicine can lift her glorious head among the glories of the world. We crown him with laurel that can never fade, and with that laurel round his noble brow we take earthly leave of his personal presence, and hail with jubilation his entrance into the company of the immortals.”

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JACOB COOPER, D. D., D. C. L., now and for long a member of the Faculty of Rutgers College, New Jersey, prepared the tribute which follows, but it arrived too late for utilization on the programme. Dr. Cooper, though

seven months younger than Dr. Lane, was his uncle, and was in the closest terms of intimacy with Dr. Lane in the latter's years of youth and early manhood. Correspondence by letter was always maintained between them and their mutual affection continued strong and unimpaired. The following is Dr. Cooper's tribute:

"The conservation of energy is the most important doctrine ever held by science. Its distinct enunciation is recent, and it was formulated by those who either ignored or were hostile to the belief that the world is controlled by a personal God. But, like all the weapons forged against supernatural religion, the evil purpose thwarts itself, since this doctrine is found to be a most effective instrument in its support. For it teaches that every kind of energy, which necessarily includes man's spirituality, the greatest of all, is indestructible. This does its work in one place and under one set of conditions, then passes on undiminished to continue its service in new spheres of activity forever.

"There are evidently two kinds of energy at work in this world—one material, the other spiritual. The former serves, the latter directs. The one acts blindly, the other knows why it commands. Physical forces have no meaning save as they are controlled by something which knows why it acts. The latter may seem weak, the weakest in nature, but 'the thinking reed,' though bending before every breeze in apparent helplessness, sways the universe by its nod.



"As a notable illustration of these truths we have had among us a man who was the embodiment of energy. This was shown in every conceivable way. Power went out from the hem of his garment. His coming put away fear. His touch conveyed healing. His look calmed anxiety. His word inspired courage. His skill balked death. His presence rewarded our whole social life, and like quicksilver amid the rubbish it seized upon any grain of gold.

"He was the builder of his own character and fortune. In his youth he conquered poverty. He made a triumphal progress out from unsympathetic environment. He made circumstances his lackeys ; and after he had achieved success superior even to envy, he did not forget the humble place from which he had risen. What he had won from the world by genius and untiring energy, he gave back like the clouds pour out to water the earth. Of most versatile character, and wielding every sort of energy, the whole was directed by the purpose to do right, the knowledge of the method and a will that was irresistible. His courage did not quail before audacious meanness. His sense of duty was not swerved by the flatteries of friends or the threats of enemies. He forgot his own vexations in the effort to console others. He arose from a sick bed to minister to those less ailing than himself. His will power controlled his own bodily weakness, his sympathy for others, his personal bereavements, his sense of public duty, all private interests. In him all energy was subservient to moral principle, illustrating the divine

utterance, 'If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light.' Hence his power was so directed that it worked as a unit in a very marked personality. That personality has gone out from us, but continues somewhere as the embodiment of what he proposed, attempted and effected. In combination it formed the character which he had built up, and constituted the greatest force we had in this community.

"Has it perished? If so, then all science, which builds upon conservation, is false. Has this tremendous energy, which represented his personality, ceased its activity? Then the powers of nature which he touched, healed, increased, have ceased. Does physical force directed by moral still continue? Then Levi Cooper Lane is alive and expanding even as he did while in our sight. But we desire to peer into the undiscovered country and follow his movements.

"The border land between religion and science is full of analogies. The arc of a circle enables us to follow its course after it has passed beyond our sight. Our friend has crossed an invisible line. For this world and the next meet, and the place where they join is too narrow to be seen. Time and eternity are parts of God's day. Our Lord owns on both sides of the River of Death, and the two realms make but one sovereignty. Our friend, while he was in our sight, was about his Father's business without cessation, in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow. There was ever the same trend of the arc, and we have been privileged to see enough of it to calculate

its bearings and determine its future course. He will continue giving out light and love with increasing power forever; coming nearer to God, who was likened by Augustine to a circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference can be nowhere. His energy is conserved and his intense desire to do better service will find room for exercise in an unmeasured sphere of activity.

“But it is hard to walk our streets without seeing his earnest, kindly face. It is distressing to come to these institutions which he built up and not hear his cheery voice. It is agonizing to witness our loved ones grow sick without the hope inspired by his reassuring visit. Yet we should in thankfulness remember that by his will power he made that body which latterly was so full of pain and weakness the obedient instrument for the interests of benevolence, science, private friendship, public life. He was so patient, so courageous, so absorbed in his noble projects for the good of humanity that we thought he could never leave us. But there came a day when he ‘had one clear call’ from a Voice which he knew and from a country to which he would not go as a stranger. There was no fear to meet the last duty of Time. All that had preceded had been well done and Death was simply passing to a new scene, equipped by discipline with a character fitted for enlarged work. Hence there could be no cessation from activity or change of purpose.

“We look in the direction he went, but the tears so blind our eyes that we see darkly through a mist. We know that the marvelous energy, the loving sympathy,

the burning zeal for faithful service are safe beyond the touch of the Destroyer. We think too much of his removal from us and cannot quite sink our selfishness in the thought of his promotion. Love, that took a last lingering look at the shard which so lately was the abode of a choice spirit, desires to keep him still in sight.

“Nor blame we Death because he bore  
The use of virtue out of earth ;  
We know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.

“For this alone on Death we wreak  
The wrath that garners in our heart ;  
He put our lives so far apart  
We cannot hear each other speak.”

On Monday evening, the twenty-first day of April, 1902, the FACULTY OF COOPER MEDICAL COLLEGE unanimously adopted the following :

“The Faculty of Cooper Medical College, in grateful remembrance of our late President, our loved associate, our cherished friend and guide, makes this record in honor of Dr. Lane:

“Cooper Medical College owes its foundation and highest aspirations of its existence to Dr. Levi Cooper Lane, who gave of his wisdom and wealth, in beneficent love for his profession and humanity, the lands and buildings now known as Cooper Medical College and Lane Hospital.

“With deep sorrow we make record of the founder’s death on the 18th day of February, in the year 1902, at the age of seventy-two years.

“May it be the will of God to grant and the gratitude of man to keep this College in all perpetuity as a living monument to Levi Cooper Lane, as an ever-teaching memorial to the great soul of its founder, who breathed into it his breath of life—his legacy to medical education, his boon to mankind!”







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